

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES.
VOL. XXV. }

APRIL, 1874.

NEW SERIES.
VOL. III. NO. 4.



THE NEST OF THE LITTLE GREBE.

THE NEST OF THE LITTLE GREBE.

THE Grebes are water-birds. There are several species. The Crested Grebe, or Gaunt, is about as large as the duck; while the Little Grebe, or Dab-chick, is hardly as large as a pigeon.

These birds are not web-footed like ducks, but are lobe-footed, — that is, a membrane projects from each side of the toe, giving it something the shape of a paddle. Birds are web-footed when the membrane extends from toe to toe, and partly or wholly unites the toes.

The Grebes are great swimmers and divers. If disturbed, they dive and swim a long distance under water. When swimming under water, they use their wings as well as their feet, and so get along very fast. They cannot walk well on the ground, and are therefore seldom seen on the shore.

They frequent the ponds, rivers, and lakes of the northern parts of the northern continents, and build their nests on the water, among the reeds and coarse grasses that grow near the shore. They make a rough pile of old water-plants, some six inches or a foot high, for a nest, and fasten it to some reeds, that it may not float away. In such a nest the eggs are laid and hatched. The little birds learn to swim very quickly, and then the water becomes their home. The old birds take great care of their little ones, letting them sleep on their backs, and diving with them under their wings, if danger appears.

Some writers say that the Little Grebe does not fasten her nest, but lets it float about. Her nest is not built so high as the nest of the larger species. It is said, also, that she sometimes puts one foot down through the nest into the water, and paddles along when she wishes to go. Such a thing may occa-

sionally happen; but, no doubt, the nests are generally fastened to the reeds or sedges, that they may not be borne away by the currents, or blown about by the winds.

For The Dayspring.

MIRIAM.

BY E. F. C.

CHAPTER IV. — *Thanksgiving.*



AR before Negro Election, Artillery Election, and Fourth of July, did we esteem Thanksgiving, our great feast, when the family met to dine and play games, when we put on our new winter frocks, and from which we dated back and forth.

A stranger would have supposed, from the solemnity of the preparation, that we fasted the rest of the year. Tongue chopped, citron sliced, raisins stoned, apples stewed, squash boiled, we watched with awe the arrival of Betsey Ballard, our culinary queen, to bake the forty (not thieves) but pies in the great brick oven, hot, but not too hot. The first pie was brought for our mother to inspect; and, however high and flaky the paste, tier above tier, our mother always asked, "Betsey, can't it be a little higher?" And Betsey always answered, "Miss Chaloner, you couldn't want it higher than that!" Whilst the forty lasted, we reviewed them daily, as if they had been a baby show. One of us must have been the Mr. Nobody that robbed one of its contents.

The beautiful lesson of showing gratitude for blessings, by kindness to others, was brought sweetly home to us by our dear generous mother, who gave right and left to rich and poor the whole year through, but especially on Thanksgiving Day, when she allowed no one to want whom she could help.

Of course the boys came home; but what a sight their trunks, jackets, and trousers, that went new, and bright with brass buttons, came back patched, darned, torn, dirty, and jammed in any how to lock the trunks! But Molly's eager eyes and mine pierced the hurly-burly for our promised gifts. Sometimes birds' wings and eggs, sometimes primrose-colored silk, spun by the worms the boys fed on mulberry leaves. Admiring the soft, bright wings, and the white, pale, blue, and speckled brown eggs, we forgot the parent birds, fluttering, with plaintive cries, over the robbed nests. But I think of them now, after all these long years, as I look at six of those eggs, brittle as glass, but carefully packed in wool, which remain silent but sure monitors of my thoughtless joy.

Children, do you never forget that what pleases you may pain somebody else? I believe there are those who do not fancy a trumpet blown in their ears, a finger-nail scratched across velvet, a dry sponge rubbed on a paper slate. I know it set my teeth on edge when a soft stone was rubbed into our freestone hearths to turn them light. Boys, remember what an amount of noise the old folks have gone through. And now there are ever so many new ones, fiendish steam-whistles at the head.

Edward and Carlos pitched into every thing good, after boarding-school fare; but they learned to their cost that "poor grub" was the safest, when our funny uncle, the doctor, presented them with a stiff dose of rhubarb, castor-oil, or Epsom salts.

You will wonder that Miriam and I were contented, when you learn that we seldom went to a party, and kept birthdays by having pancakes for dinner. A book, with rough woodcuts, a cup and ball, or jump rope, we enjoyed more than you do the many and handsome toys, books, and trinkets lavished on you by unwise friends. But

you see there is compensation everywhere. The poor child, with his bits of tin, blocks of wood, scraps of paper, enjoys himself vastly more than the rich child, whose every toy is made to his hand, and who has so much that he likes nothing.

Somehow or other, Molly and I got attached even to our furniture. You've no idea how much less there was in our house than in yours. Our only ornaments were plaster casts of Byron, Walter Scott and his greyhound, and round mirrors in which we seemed to grow small or big as we went back and forward. But the little we had was so bright and clean that it was a pleasure to look at it. To be sure, I thought it rather tiresome to have those floor-cloths down, especially when I had to teach the man-servant to lay them straight. Did you ever think, my dears, what becomes of things?

Where is the shining side-board, in whose upper drawer was hidden my eagerly looked-for New Year's gift? To what use is put the Japan plate-warmer, since Totty gave it up as her baby-house and toy monkeys' cupboard? Who dines off the gleaming Pembroke table, which I proudly rubbed with wax, brush, and silk, as dear old Mrs. Conlen spurred me on, by crying, "All that elbow-grease, Lucilla, will make you healthy and strong"? Who rests on the hair-cloth sofa, — delightful pond on which we slid, jingling our money, and dropping it behind the gaping crack, only to be rescued when the sofa was repaired? *

Very little is left to remind us of those days. Not much more than the favorite rocking-chair, for which we scuffled, and rocked in so violently; and the upright desk, in which was hidden the story of our father's child-life.

Girls, you've no idea what you lose in not learning to sew. If you are not taught at school, find time to learn at home. A needle

makes me think of my mother. She always loved to use it. Dame Harlowe never rapped her head with her big brass thimble for poor stitches. My mother's sampler was a work of art; not only for its pretty embroidery, but for being almost as perfect on the wrong side as the right. Miriam's was very nicely done. I finished one. But my second has a needleful of silk hanging from an unfinished row. It preaches to you, as to me, "Never begin what is not worth finishing."

I think half the reason Molly dear was able not to repine at the cough or weather that kept her from school was pleasant sewing as well as interesting books.

It gave my mother half the happiness of her life. There were no sewing-machines then; and I wonder what would have become of us if she had disliked her needle, as so many do now. What a tattered set we should have been! Only fit for a rag-bag.

For The Dayspring.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BENEATH the leaves, beneath the pines,
By moss-grown rocks, and wooded lane,
A modest flower looks up, and finds
Itself the first of Flora's train.

A daring little thing it seems,
To thus lift up its head so bold,
From sheltered bed and cosy dreams,
To meet a world so vast and cold.

Throughout the winter's joyless reign,
When Nature wore no smiles to bless,
This lowly plant, uncared and plain,
Was waiting for its pearly dress.

And now it comes to break the gloom,
To teach us of undying love;
With heavenly beauty in its bloom,
It draws our thoughts to God above.

The summer rose will soon be here,
Quick in the steps of laughing May,
But nothing half so sweet, so dear,
As the flower of the April day.

The resurrection of this flower
Is but a lesson to us given:
In darkness trust a higher power,
A brighter life awaits in heaven.

SARAH L. STAPLES.

For The Dayspring.

FAMOUS ENGLISH ABBEYS AND CASTLES.

No. V.—PART 2.



EST of London proper, on a little island or peninsula, in the river Thames, overgrown with weeds, rushes, and thorns, and therefore called Thorney Island, was erected

a Pagan temple.

Sebest, king of the East Saxons, about 612, having embraced Christianity, pulled down the Pagan temple and built on the site a church, dedicating it to St. Peter, the tutelar saint of *fishermen*, which led to the custom of offering *salmon* upon the High Altar.

After this Church of St. Peter's was spoiled by the Danes, twelve Benedictine monks obtained a charter from Offa, the Mercian king, and built a Monastery which they attached to this Church, restoring the latter to its former condition.

This Church or Minster of St. Peter's was frequently called

WEST MINSTER,

to designate it from St. Paul's Minster or Church, in London proper; and thence came the name of the village or town of Westminster.

Edward the Confessor, the last Anglo-Saxon king, reconstructed this Monastery

and St. Peter's Church, and built his palace near by; connecting the numerous buildings of this new Abbey with the palace by walls and towers, making a very magnificent fabric. This new

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

was dedicated December 28, 1065, and the king died just eight days after, and was buried, according to his request, in front of the High Altar.

Edward the Confessor also erected

ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH,

which was connected with the Abbey by cloisters, the cemetery being between the Church and the Abbey. This Church was rebuilt by Edward I.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH,

adjoining the palace, was also erected on the grounds of the Abbey, and was built by King Stephen, about 1120.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The present building cannot be identified with the magnificent structure erected by the Saxon king, excepting the remains of the Chapel of the Pix. The most ancient part of the present edifice, extending from the eastern extremity to the entrance of the nave, was rebuilt by Henry III., about 1269; but the nave and towers were slowly rebuilt, and were not completed until about 1670. And now hardly a year elapses, without restorations or additions.

The Abbey has no basement story, but is built upon the pure sand and fine gravel.

The main building is a perfect church, with choir, nave, and transepts; and occupies one side of a quadrangle, of which the other three sides are cloisters.

There are numerous painted windows of various styles and ages; and the stone-work of the interior is elaborately carved from the ceiling to the floor.

The choir of the Abbey is now screened in part, and has been fitted up in a somewhat modern style, and is used for daily and Sunday services.

The nave has no furniture except some thousands of plain flag-bottomed chairs, which are stacked during the week, and arranged on Sundays for the evening services held for the people by the good Bishop Stanley.

The Abbey and cloisters are full of monuments, and nearly paved with tomb-stones. One can hardly step without treading on a name. The walls are covered with monumental inscriptions. Quaint effigies, life-size, in bronze, iron, brass, alabaster, and marble, are in every possible position,—some kneeling in niches as if in devotion; others stretched upon tombs, with hands piously clasped; warriors in armor as if reposing after battle; prelates with mitres and croziers; nobles in robes and coronets; frequently groups representing a numerous family,—for instance, a father laid out in state, his wife weeping over him, and a troop of children arranged on either side of the couch.

Strangely populous, yet every form *so still and so silent*.

Within the Abbey Church are numerous Chapels, partly closed; yet so far open that in certain positions one can get a full view of the entire length and breadth of the edifice.

These Chapels are named St. Benedict, St. Edmund, St. Nicholas, and The Virgin Mary or Henry VII., and were once used for Chapels, but are now all crowded with tombs and monuments.

The entrance to

HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL

is by a flight of steps, through a deep and gloomy but magnificent arch. Here great

gates of brass, richly and delicately wrought, turn heavily upon their hinges, as if proudly reluctant to admit common mortals into this most gorgeous of sepulchres.

This Chapel was built by Henry VII. in 1502, for a royal sepulchre, instead of the Tomb-house that he built at Windsor Castle; but the latter has recently been remodelled and used as a sepulchre chapel in memory of Prince Albert.

Henry VII.'s Chapel consists of a central, north, and south aisles, and five small chapels at east end, named St. Paul, St. Erasmus, St. John the Baptist, Abbot Islip, and Edward the Confessor.

The walls of the Chapel are wrought into ornament, encrusted with tracery, scooped into niches, and crowded with statues of saints and martyrs. Along the sides of the Chapel are the lofty stalls of knights, richly carved in oak. On the pinnacles of the stalls are affixed the helmets and crests of the knights, with their scarfs and swords; and above them are suspended their banners, emblazoned with armorial bearings in gold, purple, and crimson, against the cold gray fretwork of the roof.

In the midst of this grand mausoleum stands the sepulchre of its founder, — his effigy, with that of his queen, extended on a sumptuous tomb, and the whole surrounded by a superbly wrought brazen railing. Ascending a small staircase, one enters the

CHAPEL OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

Henry III. removed the remains of Edward from before the High Altar, and placed them in the magnificent shrine which he erected in this Chapel. This shrine, brilliant with gold, and red and blue mosaics, occupies the centre of the Chapel. It was despoiled of its treasures, and the body of the royal saint removed by Henry VIII.; but, by order of Queen Mary, the shrine was again set up,

and divers jewels placed on the altar. The body was then reverently laid again in the shrine.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

was founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1590, for the education of forty boys, called the *queen's scholars*, who are prepared for the University. The school is within the walls of the Abbey. Many of the nobility and gentry send their sons for instruction to Westminster School.

MAUD RIBBERFORD.

For The Dayspring.

SAVE THE CRUMBS.

COME, Herford, gather up the crumbs
That from the table fall;
For chick-a-dee will grateful be,
And come whene'er you call.

And every snow-bird on the tree
Will gather round the door,
And robin red will shake his head,
And thank you o'er and o'er.

And then the blue-birds, from the wood,
Will all come hopping near;
And sing, "Tee, wee! Don't you see me?"
And eat without a fear.

The pretty squirrels too will come,
And claim a share, no doubt;
For oft, you know, in winter's snow,
Their store of nuts gives out.

And last the pigeons, from the barn,
Will fly down, one by one,
And grateful be to you and me
For e'en the smallest crumb.

So, darling, gather up the crumbs,
And throw them round the door;
And soon you'll hear bird voices near,
All asking you for more.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

For The Dayspring.

CHEATING.

BY C. D. N.

"It wasn't much," perhaps you may say; but I thought it was considerable, because I was afraid the same spirit might enter into greater things when the boys were older.

I was looking out upon the croquet ground where some small boys were playing, two upon a side.

There was a considerable amount of loud talk, as usual, in which,—

"I did go through the wicket!" "You didn't!" "I have another stroke!" "You haven't!" "Blue, you *just nicked* Brown," and so on, mingled confusedly, till I was fain to watch the game, and as I watched I didn't like what I saw.

I saw one little boy take his foot and slyly move his ball to a little better position; and another said he was for the fifth wicket, when I was sure he had driven through but two.

And these same two boys accused the other two of cheating several times during the game, and I am quite sure they did no such thing.

But it was with them as it is with grown people. Those who cheat and lie are always the most ready to accuse other people of such meannesses.

But the game went on, and the cheating side beat. It wouldn't seem as if they ought to, but they did, and going down to where they were I said:—

"Did both sides play the real game, or did you cheat a little sometimes?" One side held up the head, and bravely said,—

"No." The other began to feel mean, and could not frankly answer, "No."

I talked a little to them, and said what I hope they will always remember, and a little of it was like this:—

"Children must be careful how they work and how they play when they are young, for, as they begin, so will they do when they are old.

"Moving a ball a little now leads to an overcharge of hours of labor perhaps when older, or a worse deception. In a word, children, be *fearfully* and *carefully careful* how you open little places in the thicket of honor that should surround the field of morals God has intrusted to your care. Be careful lest the little foxes of deception and artfulness creep through and spoil the vines of truth and honesty, and when you are old there be naught but rank weeds and broken fences."

CHERISH GOOD THOUGHTS.

OUT of the Infinite Father's love
Come to us all, day by day,
Pure and holy thoughts.
Mingled with these come others
Tinged with the stain of earthly mould.
Those which we cherish and keep
Keep us, both when we wake and when we sleep,
And make us like themselves:
Those which from our souls we banish
Into thin air vanish,
And have no power to harm.
Cherishing ever heavenly thoughts,
Heaven lives in us, and we in it,
And our Father abides in us,
And we in him,
And so are blest.

M. L. B.

AN Arab related the following story to a company of jewellers: "Once on a time I had lost my way in the desert, and I had not a particle of food left; and I had made up my mind to perish, when suddenly I found a purse full of pearls. Never shall I forget the gratification and delight I felt when I imagined them to be parched wheat; nor again, the bitterness and despair when I found them to be pearls."

PROCESSIONAL.

On - ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

Go - ing on be - fore, Christ the Royal Mas - ter Leads against the foe,

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Going on be - fore. A - men.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph song;

Glory, land, and honor,
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

Onward, &c.



“BITE BIGGER, BILLY.”

WILLIAM H. DODD.

“BITE BIGGER, BILLY.”

Do you like this picture? Look at the faces of the two little boys. Do they look sour or cross, or how?

Do you ask who the boys are, and what they do with their brooms? They are little sweepers at street-crossings. In some cities, when the streets are muddy, boys with their brooms keep the crossings clean, and are rewarded by the pennies given by the passers.

They do not get much money, because all passers are not thoughtful; and even kind people cannot stop to give a penny at every crossing, even if they can afford the money.

Look at the boys' clothing. Not very richly dressed, are they? But clothes don't make boys happy. What a cross, snarling little girl I saw the other day! And how grandly she was dressed in her silks and laces! Nobody wanted to look at her. She was not near as handsome as “Billy,” or as his friend who wants him to take a bigger bite.

You see Billy is afraid he shall bite too much, and his friend is trying to coax him to “bite bigger.” Don't you think greedy and stingy boys and girls can learn a good lesson from this picture?

Did you ever hear any thing like

this? Sammy says, “Tommy, give us a bite of your apple?” “No,” says Tommy, “you'll take a great hog-bite!”

But Sammy coaxes Tom for a bite, and at length Tom consents, if Sammy will only take a little bite. Sammy begins to bite, and Tom watches him with great fear, lest he should bite too much. “There,” he breaks out, “I knew you'd do so! Don't bite so big!” Poor Sammy is so afraid he has bitten too much, he does not enjoy his bite at all; and Tom feels so bad because he has lost a piece of his apple, he cannot enjoy the rest of it.

Now, the little crossing-sweepers are as happy as kings. The one gives with his whole heart, and the other has a bite so rich and juicy he doesn't believe there is any thing else in the world so good.

If any little “Dayspring” reader ever should feel stingy, let him remember, “Bite bigger, Billy.”

For The Dayspring.

BELL'S KNITTING.

GRANDMA took up her knitting-work,
The stocking almost done;
But growing sleepy as she sat
Beside the fire alone,
With spectacles across her nose,
She very soon began to doze.

On tip-toe little Bell stole in,
And sat down by her side;
And then to knit as Grandma did

The little maiden tried.
She pulled the needles in and out,
And twirled the ball of yarn about;

Yet sat as quiet as a mouse,
For she had oft been told
She must not wake her Grandmamma
(Bell was but three years old);
So there she sat demure and still,
And worked away with right good will.

For though she ne'er had learned to knit,
There needed none to tell
How to unravel Grandma's work,—
She could do that quite well,
And do it very quickly too.
The stocking short and shorter grew,

While Tabby sat beside the fire,
And kindly blinked at her;
Or rolled the ball with velvet paw,
And gave a lazy purr;
Till at Bell's feet there quickly grew
A tangled mass of worsted blue.

When all at once the tea-bell rang,
And Grandma, in surprise,
Felt for the stocking she had dropped,
Looked up, and rubbed her eyes:
Then Bell called out, in childish glee,
"I've done your knitting, Grandma, see!"

BESSIE BENTLY.

BERTIE AND DOT.

OT, let's run away!"

Dot opened her blue eyes to their utmost extent and asked, "What for, Bertie?"

"Don't you know the stepmother's coming?"

"Papa said 'a new mamma.'"

"Well, that's a stepmother. I tell you she'll be awfully cross. I don't believe she'll let us play, or have parties, or have any fun at all. Stepmothers never do."



"How do you know, Bertie?"

"Oh, I heard Mary tell cook so. I was on the back stairs, but they did not know it. And Mary said she 'guessed those poor children would have a hard time now.' And cook said 'she did not want any mistress, and she wouldn't stay.' So don't let's stay either, Dot. You'd better not, for she'll whip us and take away our toys."

"Papa wouldn't let her," said Dot, trustfully.

"He can't help it. Mary said 'she'd have him under her control,' and that means she'll do just what she likes. And she'll call you Dorothy, I know. This is the way it will be," and Bertie drew himself up sternly: "Dorothy, make less noise!"

"I don't want to be called Dorothy," cried poor little Dot, bursting into tears, "and I don't want her to take my dolls away. Don't let her, Bertie!"

"Never mind, Dottie," cried Bertie, "we'll run away, you and I."

Bertie sat down and disclosed his plans to his sister.

"We'll go away off in the woods, and take plenty of provisions, and I'll build a house. I shall take my box of tools. And then, when we have a nice house, we can ask papa to come and stay with us."

Bertie brightened at this prospect. "May I take my dolls?"

"Not all of them, we couldn't carry so many. One is enough, and you can send for the others when the house is built. You get her ready, and I'll go see what's in the pantry."

Bertie departed; and Dot arrayed her eldest daughter in her walking suit, and put on her own flannel sacque and straw hat. Pretty soon she heard her brother calling her from the foot of the stairs. "Don't make a noise; I don't want Mary to hear us," he said, as she ran down. Bertie had

his tool box strapped across his shoulders, and a covered basket in his hand. "You'd better eat something first," he said, giving her a biscuit. "Well, are you ready? Come on."

A vague idea that they might be doing wrong suddenly came into Dot's mind. "Are you sure we ought to go, Bertie?" she asked.

"I guess I'm old enough to take care of myself. Ain't I eight years old?" replied Bertie, with as much dignity as he could command. "Now shut the door softly; I don't want Mary to hear." There was no danger, for Mary was gossiping across the back fence with the servant that lived next door, while the two children went down the broad stone steps into the quiet street. No one was visible but a serving man sweeping the opposite pavement, who nodded smilingly to the two children as they walked away, Bertie with his tools, and Dot with her doll, carrying the basket between them.

"Where are there any woods, Bertie?" inquired Dot, after walking several blocks."

"Oh, we'll find some," replied her brother; "let's get out of the town first." So they trudged along for half an hour or so, until the houses began to grow fewer and fewer, and the stretches of common longer and longer.

"Oh, Bertie, I'm so tired," cried Dot, sitting down on a flat stone. "I must rest. Oh, dear! Marion's lost her hat."

"No matter, we can't find it. Tie your pocket-handkerchief over her head."

"Isn't it 'most supper time?" asked Dot, for their shadows were lengthening, and part of the sun had disappeared behind a hill.

"Yes, but we must find a place to camp out first. See, over there, behind that hill, there must be some trees. We must wait till to-morrow to find the woods."

The two children started off again, went around the hill and found themselves in a large field with three trees in the middle.

"This will do nicely for to-night," said Bertie. "Take care, it's all muddy!" The children had almost walked into a stagnant pool. Bertie, in leaping from stone to stone, lost his footing and fell, the basket escaping from his hand, and rolling into the water.

"Bertie Hazlewood! see what you've done! Now where's our supper?"

Bertie picked himself up, undesperingly as ever.

"Help me to get my boots off, Dot, and I'll go after it." Dot obeyed, and Bertie, rolling up his knickerbockers, waded in, Dot bidding him "take care of snakes!"

He seized the basket in great haste and bore it triumphantly to land. But great was his disappointment to find the water had spoiled every thing except two hard boiled eggs, which were not very satisfying to two hungry children. "We might dry the sandwiches in the sun," suggested Bertie.

"But there isn't any sun," replied Dot, disconsolately, looking around on the fast darkening scene, and up in the sky, where the black clouds were gathering, "and I believe it's going to rain."

"Well, let's get under the trees," said Bertie. "There, sit on my tool box."

Dot surveyed the accommodations for the night, despairingly.

"I shouldn't be surprised if we should die like the Babes in the Woods," she said.

"I shouldn't either," exclaimed Bertie, his spirits entirely exhausted. It was Dot's turn to be comforter now. "If we should die, Bertie, we'll see our own mamma in heaven."

"Yes," said Bertie, "but aren't you afraid?"

"Not much," answered his sister. "Now let's say our prayers, Bertie." And so they

whispered them to their Father, asking him, please to take care of them all night. And that loving Father heard, and was even now sending some one to their rescue.

The rain began to patter upon the leaves above their heads, and the rumble of thunder was heard. Dot had always been terribly afraid of lightning; and now, as the bright flashes came, she clung closer and closer to Bertie, and at last, as a frightful flash lit up the scene, she screamed and then lay quite still in his arms.

When Dot opened her eyes, she found herself lying in bed in a darkened room. A very pretty lady, with kind blue eyes and brown hair, was standing by her bed. Dot rubbed her eyes and tried to think. Gradually all the particulars of their flight came into recollection. She distinctly remembered the walk out of the city, the loss of the basket, and the quarters for the night under the tree. Then came a confused idea of rain, thunder, and lightning. "What *did* happen next?" thought Dot, rubbing her eyes. The lady stole softly out of the room. Dot wondered if she had "died and gone to heaven. But how like heaven was to other places." She turned her head. Why! there was Bertie sitting in a far corner, poring over a book. She found her voice at last, "Bertie!" He started up, and advanced slowly to her bedside. Dot's thoughts reverted to the lady she had just seen.

"Bertie, was that our mother that just went out?"

"Yes," answered her brother, "and a splendid one she is, too."

"Then I *have* died and gone to heaven," thought Dot. "Heaven's just like any other place," she said aloud.

"What?" said Bertie.

"Did the lightning kill us, Bertie?"

"What?" inquired Bertie again, with still more surprise.

"Isn't this heaven, Bertie?"

"Why, no!" answered Bertie: "this is home, and that's our *new* mamma, and oh! she's just splendid."

"Tell me all about it, Bertie."

"Well, you know the lightning made you faint, and you wouldn't open your eyes, and I was afraid you were dead. But pretty soon I heard some one coming that way, and there was papa and another man. Wasn't I glad! and then papa carried you, and the man carried me home. And when we got there, we found the new mamma. She put you straight to bed, and I was wondering if papa was going to punish me; but he did not, he only talked to me. And then after I had gone to bed, *she* came up, and sat by me till I went to sleep. And oh! she's so kind! It was dreadfully naughty to run away," concluded Bertie. Dot nodded. "And see what *she* brought you. This lovely doll and tea-set, and me these books!"

The new mamma came in just then. Dot's arms were around her neck in a moment. "I'm sorry I was so naughty as to run away," she said.

"Never mind," said her mamma, with a kiss, "I guess you won't do it again."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Dot and Bertie together. And they never did.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy;

Go while it is called to-day;
For the years go out, and the years come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win,—
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before;

You may hear the sound of their falling feet,
Going down to the river where the two worlds
meet;
They go to return no more.

There is room for you in the ranks, my boy,
And duty, too, assigned;
Step into the front with a cheerful grace,
Be quick, or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my boy,
That you never can tread again;
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men,—
Work for the plough, adze, spindle, and pen,
Work for the hands and the brain.

The serpent will follow your steps, my boy,
To lay for your feet a snare;
And pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
With garlands of poppies and lotus-flowers
Enwreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,
Temptations without and within;
And spirits of evil, in robes as fair
As the holiest angels in heaven wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet, breastplate, and shield,
And the sword that the feeblest arm may wield,
In the cause of Right and Truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
With the peace of the gospel shod,
And before high heaven do the best you can,
For the great reward, for the good of man,
For the kingdom and crown of God.

Little Sower.

SUNBEAMS.

"WHAT shall we do next, Gertie—play with our dolls?"

"No: I'm tired of dolls. Let's get our puzzles," answered Gertie Bruce.

"Oh, no! I can't do the puzzles. You might as well play at dolls," said Nelly.

"Well, I'll play with them for half an hour, and no more, then." And Gertie began her game with a cloud on her face, and a bigger one in her heart; and so, of course, they did not long agree.

"You be the mother, and I'll be the nurse."

"No, I don't want to be the nurse. It's my turn to be the doll's mother."

"Then I shan't play."

"Very well, I don't want you."

These were the sounds which went to grandfather's ears, as he sat in his easy-chair at the further end of the room, trying to read his paper.

He looked round. Gertie stood gloomily looking out of the window; Nellie sat drumming her fingers on the table. Both unhappy, and both too proud to make friends.

"What a dull day!" exclaimed grandfather, wheeling round his chair. "You little folk must be tired of play, and there's no going out. Suppose I tell you a story?"

Now a story from grandfather was one of their greatest pleasures; but the little girls felt so much ashamed of themselves, and so afraid lest something of their squabbling had reached to that end of the room, that they were less eager than usual, and went very soberly to their usual places by grandfather's knee, looking rather sheepishly at each other, wishing most heartily they had not been so foolish.

"When I was a little boy, ever so many years ago," began grandfather, "I had one sister for a playmate. She was younger than I, and I am afraid I wasn't always kind to her, for I teased her dreadfully. It was not because I meant to be ill-natured, but I was selfish enough to wish Bessie always to do what I pleased and give up to me; and when she didn't do this, I plagued her in every way I could think of. One day I remember well,—a wet April day like this, and we were obliged to be indoors. There was no walking, no play in our little gardens, no change out of the nursery, and at last we both got sadly out of temper. I was going to say that one was as bad as the

other, only, as I was the elder, of course I was worst for not setting a better example." Here grandfather paused, and Gertie colored very deeply.

"We both were very unhappy. We separated our toys, and took opposite corners of the room, and tried to pretend that we didn't want to play with each other a bit, though we really did. The clock struck once. I looked at Bessie, and Bessie looked at me. Two more hours to dinner, and nothing fresh to do! Together we could have shops, or trains, or many other things, and it was so stupid to play alone; yet I did not choose to say so. At last the clouds cleared, and the sun shone out and lighted up the faded pattern on the nursery carpet and tinted Bessie's fair hair with gold; and it seemed as if a ray of it had shone into her little heart, for she ran out of her corner, and taking my hand in hers said, "O Donald, the sunbeams have come out to play! Let us be sunbeams."

"I said she was a 'little silly,' but I didn't think so. I was only too glad to lay aside my dignity and join Bessie's play. And then the time flew by so quickly that we were quite surprised when dinner was ready. I'm afraid that wasn't the last of our foolish tiffs and quarrels, by a good many; but I am bound to confess that Bessie was always the first to 'make up,' always the little home sunbeam."

Gertie and Nellie looked at grandfather, and then at each other. Had he done his tale then, or was he going to say any more to them? But he only smiled, and, laying a hand on each head, said, "I'm afraid, little ones, that no brightness will come from outdoors to-day. Suppose you try and make sunbeams yourselves."

They knew what he meant, if you don't; and they went back to the end of the room, where they fixed themselves and their play-

things; and no more cross looks or words spoiled the day. Gertie gave up to Nellie, and Nellie to Gertie; and so there was happiness in their hearts and joy in their voices and merry laugh, which the dear old grandfather heard from his easy-chair, and said, "God bless them!"

The Children's Prize.

HUMOROUS.

A LITTLE two-year-old had hurt her finger very badly. She ran to her mother, holding up the bleeding finger, and said, "Mamma, I dess I shall have to go up to heaven and dit anozzer put on."

"Where are you going?" asked one little boy of another who had just gone down on the icy sidewalk. "I am going to get up," was the reply.

A crossing sweeper was trying to get a gratuity from a dandified individual, who, in resisting, urged that he had no change, nothing but a twenty-dollar bill. "I can get it changed for yer," said the youngster. On seeing the dandy hesitate as if from fear of trusting him with a twenty-dollar bill, he put it again, "If yer doubts my honor, hold my broom."

When Arthur was a very small boy, his mother reprimanded him, one day, for some misdemeanor. Not knowing it, his father began to talk to him on the same subject. Looking up in his face, Arthur said solemnly, "My mother has 'tended to me."

A negro's directions for putting on a coat were, "Fust the right arm, den the lef, and den gib one general convulsion."

The "Sunday School Worker" tells us of a fine brick church which received its first impulse from a boy's hand. The project had been talked over a good deal, but the sum needed was so great that every one was fearful to begin. But one morning early

there was a call at the minister's door. A little boy was there, who would not be satisfied with any thing short of seeing the minister. So the minister came down to the door; and the boy, pointing to his little wheelbarrow, said cheerfully, "There are two bricks for the new church, sir."

That day the good minister went out and told all he met: "The new church is going to be built. The first load of bricks is on the ground." And it was built.

Puzzles.

10.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A pleasant morning beverage;
'Gainst travellers I wild warfare wage;
Delight of childhood, dread of age;
To teach me would defy a sage.

These words will give you, I engage,
Two brothers, found on history's page.

11.

CHARADE.

My first is seen in ambient air,
The mazy dance recalling;
'Tis here and there and everywhere,
But most adroit in falling.

My second is a tiny thing,
That gems the morning flowers;
It sparkleth like an emerald ring,
When falleth summer showers.

My whole, a welcome harbinger,
That whispereth news most cheering;
A pure-robed, lovely messenger,
Immortal hopes endearing.

P.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in cow, and also in calf;
My second is in whole, and also in half;
My third is in house, but not in barn;
My fourth is in thread, and also in yarn;
My fifth is in cat, but not in kitten;
My sixth is in hat, but not in mitten;
My whole is a place where good people love to go.

M. W. E.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

7.—C	han	G
H	os	E
A	m	O
R	ea	R
L	un	G
E	rmin	E
S	cru	B
S	aratog	A
P	armesa	N
R	ubri	C
A	mbe	R
G	ust	O
U	nbelie	F
E	arnes	T

Charles Sprague, George Bancroft.

8.—The "hare" may be gentle and shy,
Swift of foot and bright of eye.
I hope you will learn from the fable
He wins who does well as he's able.

List to the church-going "bell,"
Of warning or cheer it can tell,
Can toll the funeral knell,
Or welcome the bride as well.

The delicate "harebell" you'll find
Is the flower brought to mind,
With its beautiful petals blue
It brightened the spot where it grew.

FLORENTINE.

9.—M	O	N	A
O	D	E	R
N	E	V	A
A	R	A	B

THE DAYSPRING, (FORMERLY SUNDAY SCHOOL GAZETTE,)

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

(John Kneeland, Secretary)
7 TREMONT PLACE BOSTON.

TERMS.—Per annum, for a single copy 30 cents.
Four copies to one address \$1.00.
Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.